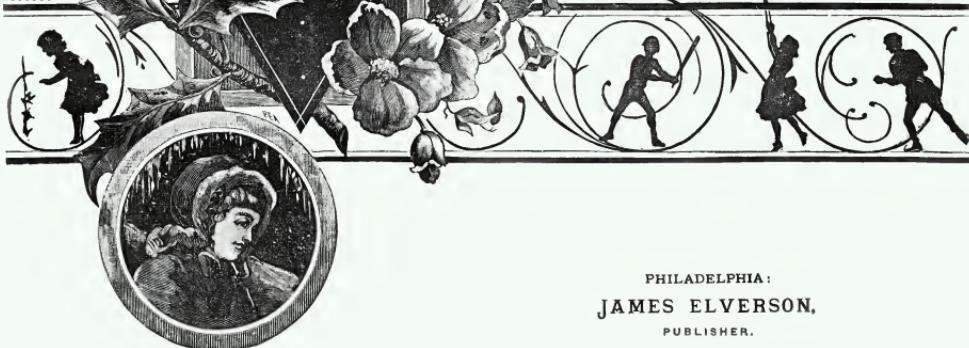


Vol. VIII.—No. 32.

July 9, 1887.

# GARDEN DAYS

For  
Boys  
and  
Girls.



PHILADELPHIA:

JAMES ELVERSON,  
PUBLISHER.



# Golden Days

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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## A Memorable Game of Hare and Hounds

BY S. FRANK AARON.

In the spring of 1878, just before my fifteenth birthday, my father received from an old friend in New York the news of a large silver bribe. It was, of course, a great curiosity, and every visitor at our house had to see it, including all my school-boy friends, to whom I used to tell fabulous stories regarding its value. At one time I thought it must be worth about two thousand dollars; although its real worth was no more than three hundred.

Our old cook asked my father, one day at table, how much it was worth, and he, always fond of his little joke, replied, without a smile:

"Oh, not over a million, I reckon, at most."

The cook nodded as she left the room, and I noticed that the eyes of the colored girl who remained to wait on the table grew big with astonishment at my father's words. Afterward her say to the cook:

"Dat brick isn't wuth no millions, but I low its wuth a thousand, any day."

Early one morning, two months after the bribe was sent to us, mother discovered that the heavy safe door of a closet in the hall had been pried open during the night, and the silver bribe was gone, together with father's gold-headed cane, which had been presented to him when he was in the State Senate at Nashville.

No other articles were missing, and the only signs of forced entry were the broken window-pane and lack of the glass, disengaged from a broken sash-bolt of the nearest window.

Father at once instituted a thorough search for the robbers, offered a handsome reward for their detection and the recovery of the stolen bribe, and even employed the services of a detective; but all to no purpose.

As usual in such cases, suspicion was directed toward one or more of our servants, all of whom were colored people; but father refused to dignify the charge of them with any suspicion, without actual proof of their implication in the robbery.

We lived in East Tennessee, and I, with other boys of my own age, used to play that good old game called hare and hounds. It was not only our favorite game at school, but it was the most perfectly organized, except, of course, base ball.

What made us take so naturally to have and hounds was that we saw so much fox-hunting going on in the country among our neighbors. It was a popular sport in that part of the South, and we were known not less than half a dozen packs of hounds to engage in it at one time.

One of our fellows, the most inventive boy I ever knew, read up the Scotch rules of the game, improved on them in many respects, and started us at it.

After it was thoroughly tested and understood, we boys voted hare and hounds

the grandest game we had ever played. We had one or two hares at each run; not necessarily fast runners, but long-winded fellows, "all-day runners," as we termed them.

Each hare carried two large game-bags filled with "scent"—thin white paper, cut into pieces about the size of playing cards, and done up into tight bundles. The hare would drop a piece of paper about every twenty yards, and when he finishes one bundle he unties

another. In this way a boy can carry enough "scent" for an all-day run.

We also had a dog, who was always a fast and long runner.

It was his duty to marshal the hounds, call them together on discovered "scent,"

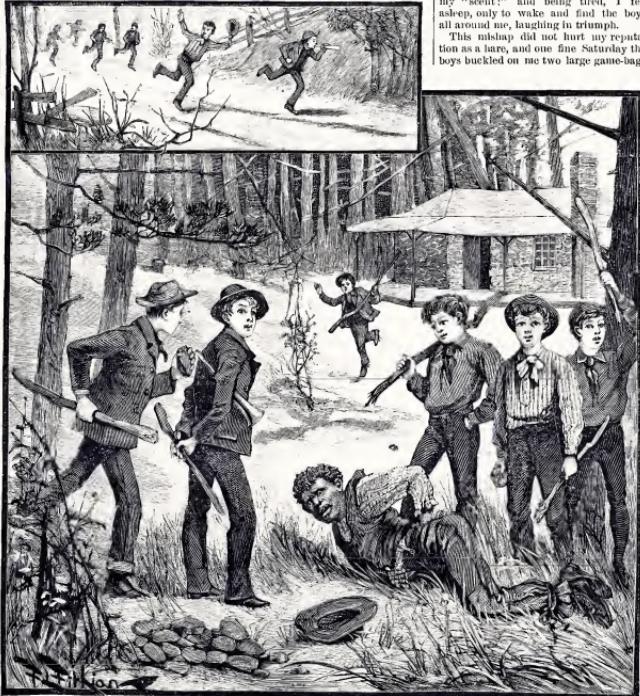
using a horn or shrill whistle, and send them here and there on lost "scent."

The hounds were usually ten or fifteen in number, and when they got on the trail could not keep up on long runs had to drop out. At first we had limited bound-

aries; but we soon extended them to take in the entire county, and at last we found that we had crossed the State boundaries, "though I need not tell you we never got outside of Tennessee."

Being fleet of foot, and good for an all-day run, if need be, I was often chosen as the hare, and I believe I was never fairly caught but once. Once, when the dogs had been in a long追 (or track), I threw myself down under a cedar tree to watch a broad meadow through which the hounds must pass, following my "scent." And being tired, I fell asleep, only to wake and find the boys and the dog had been laying in the grass.

This mislay did not hurt my reputation as a hare, and one fine Saturday the boys buckled on me two large game-bags



"THE PRISONER HAVING REGAINED HIS SENSES, WAS NOW DOING HIS LEVEL BEST TO SLIP THE STRAPS AND REGAIN HIS LIBERTY."



done in the daytime, when the folks were away."

"I read about two of them in the paper last Saturday," added the constable, "and I have a hunch."

"I know you know all about it," repeated the statement in order to have some reason for arresting us," said Jule.

"He has been enough to do almost anything but I don't see what he would dare to arrest us on a false charge. He would make himself liable for it," responded the boy, "but if it was him, I don't wonder if that man who sent me the half-dollar for going to see whether the square was at home was the fellow that did it."

"What sort of a looking man was he?" said Max, who had the belief that a burglar was a man and necessarily be a very law-breaking person.

"There were two of them in the buggy. The man that was driving and who I think was the mastermind of the robbery, and sailed as pleasantly as though he had kept a dry-goods shop," answered Poll, "but the other was a good deal older, but both of them looked and acted like respectable people."

"But you said he is telling his tale now, so why can we say who you had told him the square was not at home," suggested Jule.

"He did, and he seemed to be very much interested when I told him the square was out of town and would not return till night."

"They mustn't look as though they were robbers," said Max. "I don't believe they were the fellows that did it."

"You can't tell," said Poll. "They come they come! I don't speak another word."

The landlord and the constable entered the room, but the boys did not notice the swamps they had walked through.

They had not stopped till they reached the bridge, which was only a few rods from the woods.

They had stopped with them in the most intense interest, but he did not open his mouth to speak a word.

The lake was entirely smooth, and there was not enough breeze to stir the leaves on the trees. The fugitives could hear the sound of the voices of the two persons who had been trying to distinguish what they said. But there was a certain sharpness in the tones which indicated that they were not in perfect accord.

Doubtless they were disengaged and dispersed by the ill success of their plan, and the two were trying to decide what they could not be too cautious, and if Max talked at all, he might raise his voice in some moment of excitement and Poll had better be silent for fear in case he heard it.

"What are they going to do?" asked Max, who was not in as good a position to see as Poll.

"It's not a word," replied the leader, shaking his head vigorously.

The fact that he could hear the sound of the two voices again indicated that he could not be too cautious, and if Max talked at all, he might raise his voice in some moment of excitement and Poll had better be silent for fear in case he heard it.

Max and King and Poll stood upon the bridge, looking about them.

It was plain enough to the interested observer that the two were discussing which would afford them any information in regard to the fugitives.

On the lake there was not a boat or any thing that could be seen. It was nothing but a blank of smooth water.

The tone of their voices indicated that they were discussing something about something, and it was not difficult to understand what it was without comprehending a word that passed between them.

So far the two were very concerned, they had come to the end of their rope, and the question with whom was what to do next.

What had become of the boys? Had they gone to Wimbleton, or were they concealed in the vicinity of the bridge? Poll had no idea, but he had the sense of the dispute between them. They must have opposite views on the question.

Affectionately, he said little more, during which both of them made rather violent gestures, as though they were in earnest, the two boys were to go to his house and stand him and finally leaving the landlord on the bridge, he walked toward the place where the boys were concealed.

Max began to be very much excited at

this movement on the part of the officer, and Poll did not feel quite so confident as before.

Was it possible that the constable had discovered them through the bushes? He had pointed in that direction several times in his discussion with his companion.

"The bushes are thick, but the constable did not give way to the fear and discouragement which had overtaken Max, and which had affected Jule to a milder degree."

"The bushes are thick, but at least two feet deep among the trees, and the clumsy constable could not make much headway through them. He would be lost again, either in the woods or on the open ground by the lake."

Matthew King had seized himself on one of the bushes which kept the planks of the bridge in place. Once in a while he shouted to the constable, but the latter made no reply.

Poll and his companions kept a sharp lookout for the appearance of the constable in the woods near them, but he did not move.

As far as they could see through the dense growth of young trees, the water covered the lake, and the sun was not likely to wet his feet if he could help it.

At last he came in sight again, and walked toward the landlord as though he had given up the search.

#### ON THE WAY TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The sound of angry voices came to the fugitives again as Laddie returned to the bridge. But the constable seemed still to be in the bushes, and the two were confident that he had gone on to Wimbleton, or in that direction. If you are going to do something, you will be safe, and thus induce us to come out of our hiding-place. I am not to caught in this trap.

In his opinion, they had failed to catch the runaway boys, and he was not sorry that his mistake was not in staying at the bridge till the fugitives came out, and not being the stupid impatience of the constable that had led him to the bridge, and thus induce us to come out of our hiding-place. I am not to caught in this trap.

Laddie isn't the only fellow that thinks he is smart!" snapped Max.

"All right! I forgive you, you are smart. In fact, I don't know but every fellow thinks the same thing of himself," laughed Poll.

"I begin to say at any rate," retorted Max. "I begin to think I have had about enough of this thing!"

"And that is what makes you so cross."

"I am not cross; but I don't want to stay all the rest of the day and all night till we come to ground we can stand on."

"Then I wouldn't if I were you," advised Poll, in whom there appeared to be a desire to be friendly.

"I shall not let up till I get to New Mexico, or some other region in that locality."

The long book I read with the Indians, and they still had a great deal of it left, as though it were still possible for him to get a sight of the boys.

I did not see or hear them, thanks to the skill and perceptions of their leader, and he took his place in the wagon.

The landlord drove off in the direction of the town.

It was not till the wagon had disappeared at least a quarter of a mile down the bridge that Poll vented his spleen.

"I am not to be blamed for this," he said. "I am innocent of the robbery with which he was accused, he was not willing to go back with me."

"He could not do so without explaining where the large sum of money in possession of his party had been obtained."

The contract with Squire Bickleford must have been broken, at any rate. He had tried to get him to do so, however, but the boy had been so noisy, the weakness of a man as repulsive as he had been, and he became the cause of his social and business downfall in the town.

Poll felt that he had seen Cribbleton for the last time when he and his friends took the road for the swamp. He had spent the forenoon in it, and he had been through the Great West; and he meant by this term any region in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains. His knowledge of the country was derived from several books about the silver regions of the Southwest, and he believed he could make his fortune there.

"I don't care but that we are all right now," said Poll, when he had been silent a good deal longer than Max thought was necessary. "We have got home, and we need fear them no longer."

"That's so; and now all we have to do is to get the next move," said Max, rather petulantly.

"Let us get out of this hole the first."

"Don't be in a hurry, Max," laughed Poll. "We'll be in a hurry when we get home again, either in the woods or on the open ground by the lake."

"So we're living father," added Jule.

"And the size of the one is not at all like the size of the other, for they have been in a row ever since they came out of the swamp. My loving father has a will of his own, and he always acts on his own, and he does not have to be told the constable's way. I suppose you understand what they are wrangling about."

"Not in the least. I couldn't hear a word they said," answered the growler, as though the two were engaged in some secret conversation, and he could not pretend to tell what people were talking about at sight alone.

"I don't care anything they said any more than you could; but I am perfectly sure that the constable believed we were complicit somewhere in the bushes, but he was a good father, and father was confident that he had gone on to Wimbleton, or in that direction. If you are going to do something, you will be safe, and thus induce us to come out of our hiding-place. I am not to caught in this trap."

"I am not going to be a general, and I don't think you know any better, than I do what they were talking about," muttered Max.

When they returned to Cribbleton that night, each had stored up till of the day past. The landlord said the constable was a "natural fool," for he spent so much time in looking in the bushes for the clump of bushes in the neighborhood, and spent some time in this way, Matthew King kept up a running fire of firewood, and the two were not seen to be hoodwinked.

In his opinion, they had failed to catch the runaway boys, and he was not sorry that his mistake was not in staying at the bridge till the fugitives came out, and not being the stupid impatience of the constable that had led him to the bridge, and thus induce us to come out of our hiding-place. I am not to caught in this trap.

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"I begin to say at any rate," retorted Max. "I begin to think I have had about enough of this thing!"

"And that is what makes you so cross."

"That is a fair question. I will answer it as well as I can," replied Poll. "We must get out of here, and that requires by what way we can, and we must be by some roundabout route. We must pick our way through the woods, and if we keep walking on the trail, we will be captured in Wimbleton, where they will get us there."

"But after we have dodged the whole of them, what are we going to do then?" asked Max.

"That is a fair question. I will answer it as well as I can," replied Poll. "We must get out of here, and that requires by what way we can, and we must be by some roundabout route. We must pick our way through the woods, and if we keep walking on the trail, we will be captured in Wimbleton, where they will get us there."

The boys were glad to make any movement, and they started off at once. They shoved the boat with the oars into the woods, and in a short time they came to shallow water, when they reached the shore.

After paddling around a great many times, they succeeded in reaching solid earth, where they could jump upon it.

They soon found the road from the cabin, which they followed till they came to a trail, leading in the direction of Wimbleton. They had made a quick march, and had reached the trail in it, and walked as fast as the nature of the path would permit for a couple of hours.

Then they came to another road, from the direction of the lake; but they continued on their way in the one they had chosen before.

In an hour they discovered another cabin, with the remains of charcoal-pits around it, and the same smoke pouring out of its stone chimney. Poll was in doubt.

"I don't want to go back," said Max, suddenly brightening up. "My mother grumbles all the time, and I must have a right to go to the Great West; and he meant by this term any region in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains. His knowledge of the country was derived from several books about the silver regions of the Southwest, and he believed he could make his fortune there."

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## A FOUR-FOOTED TURNCOAT.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

In watching the movements of animals we often see some peculiarity or action that calls to mind another and entirely different creature. This similarity is quite strongly marked in the ermine, or stoat, as it is called in England. When looking closely at the slender, wily little quadruped, one cannot help wondering if, after all, it is not a fury, four-legged snake.

Everything points to such a suggestion. The pointed head, the sharp, bead-like eyes, that at times gleam with a greenish light, the long, thin, long-tapering tail—all are snake-like, and when the little animal is crouching, its long neck extended, and its head gently swaying from side to side, the resemblance is striking. Then, too, the ermine has at least one habit of the snake's—that of prey-ing upon birds.

How softly and serpent-like, as we see him here depicted, has he crept up the tree, his summer coat rendering him inconspicuous! and now, directly under the nest, he is slyly peeping upward, his sharp eyes, glinting with hungry expectancy, trying to ascertain whether he is to be repaid for his trouble by eggs, young birds, or the old ones.

Either are acceptable, nothing in the animal line conning analysis, be it rats, mice, birds, lizards, chickens or eggs. His appetite is good and his taste not discriminating.

A few steps more, a quick spring, and a shower of feathers through the trees will tell the story of another tragedy in bird-life.

The weasel, ermine, or stoat or *Putorius*, as some call it, is a little known geographical range, the same species being found in Europe, Asia and America.

In our own country they are met with far up in the Arctic regions to the southern borders of the United States on the Mississippi; but for the benefit of our readers who have not seen the hide hunter, the following are some of its chief distinguishing points:

The ermine is from eight to eleven inches in length, slender and wiry; much more so than you would imagine from the illustration of a stock held up by a string. The tail is bushy, and largest at the tip, which is black. It has powerful claws for so small creatures, and when you pass your fingers over the cheeks, the muscles that work the jaws are found to be remarkably well developed, explaining a power of destruction far beyond any game so much larger than itself.

These features we always find in the ermine; but in the matter of color it is a very variable turnip, and the tail may depend on it. In our picture it is represented in a still, mallow-colored saffron, the latter side being a pale, saffron-yellow.

This is in the summer or spring, but if we should happen to see the very same little animal in the winter, or even in the late autumn, he could well deny his identity, as he would now have a mottled coat, mallow-yellow, saffron and pale yellow, all mixed up, and composed of many colors, you might say, and, as regards color, almost the only familiar point would be the black tip of the tail.

Should we now lose sight of our friend until midwinter, we would hardly believe our eyes, as he has assumed a coat of pure white, in its winter coat, the tip of the tail, which is as black as ever.

In this change we have another example of the wise provisions of the great Giver that we have often pointed out in former articles.

What is the provision in this case? One that is evident at the very outset. The ermine, if mallow-colored, would be a conspicuous object on the white snow, while, in its winter coat, he is perfectly camouflaged, enabling him to avoid his enemies or creep unobserved upon its prey.

Applying the same reasoning to the white coat, we find that the eye-white would attract great attention among the green leaves, on dark tree-trunks, or, in fact, anywhere; so we may assume, first, that the change from dark to white,

in winter, and back to brown in the summer, is protective.

Another benefit suggests itself. In the summer we are liable to chilblains because dark colors absorb the heat, and light colors radiate it; but so we see, secondly, that the ermine's white coat tends to preserve them from the cold.

The direct cause, however, of the change—that is, the physiological reason for it—has been deduced due to the saturation of the blood. It is this that is most likely to do with the weather is evident from the fact that in climates where there is no snow-fall the ermine does not change its color.

The habits of the animal vary with the latitude. The nest is made in a hollow tree, a gnawed burrow, other holes, the roots of a tree or a ledge of rocks. It is a soft mass of moss, or vegetable fibre, and leaves, and the ermine is reared, then comes out of the nest, appearing in single broods—or twos appearing in single broods—erious little creatures at first, but soon assuming the snake-like motions of the mother.

They are generally born from March to June, and when quite young are as shy and white-bellied as the mother. As soon as they are a week old, the mother takes care for them constantly, and in the nest will found a curious collection of tails, skins, feet and bones of mice, lizards and various other creatures.

When the mother returns with a victim, the little ones crowd up the nest to meet her, uttering cries that have been compared to those of very young kittens.

At this time the infant at others, the mother bold and courageous, when the nest is robbed of the young, the mother has been known to follow the robbers for a long distance.

There is, even more courageous than is called in the stoat, as it is called in this country. In one instance that I remember, a gentleman was attacked by a rat, the little ermine darting at him with great fury, trying to run up his clothes, attempting to fasten their teeth in his throat, and only after being severely

bitten while beating them off, did he destroy them.

This courage and bravery is taken advantage of by rat-catchers, who sometimes employ them in ridding houses and buildings of these pests—the courageous animal seemingly taking delight in destroying other animals.

In one day a single ermine has been known to rid a dwelling of a large number of rats. A rat, however, was molested, and had entered the wall, a squeaking was heard, that was kept up all day, the rat-mother coming out at night, however, exhausted, and when the floor was taken up, the rats that had been slaughtered in various localities were all piled in a single heap, as if it were the result of his prowess.

The ermine was formerly one of the most popular furbearing animals, and is still in demand, certain robes of state being lined with them.

In early days the fur, in Russia, was an insight of royalty.



THE ERMINE.

## MIDSUMMER MAGIC.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

I sat in my chair,  
On the bright summer noon.

The bees in the clover,

Were humming a tune;

The birds were singing,

And softly kept singing,

For eggs in the hay,

In their boisterous way.

The house was quite silent,

With only myself,

And the old day clock

That stood up on the shelf,

And softly kept singing,

When all of a sudden,

I heard a knock.

For who did I see?

Held the mop and the broom

Carried out from their corners,

As if they had been roostin'.

Then the shovel and tons

Full of dirt lay on the floor,

For a trout, I'm sur'.

Never happened before.

And next the tin dipper

Spoon, and the wooden spoon

Spun lightly away.

The frying pan reeled

Like a sailor at sea.

And the wooden candlesticks

Waltzed with great glee.

The pie-pan rolled merrily

About the room, like a tire,

Gathering many sly kicks.

From the table and chair,

The plates and cups,

From his stony wooden peg,

And the wooden stool,

On his one wooden leg.

The coffee-pot gallantly

Bowed to the tray,

And the sugar-bowl bent

They went whirling away.

The tea-cup, too,

An old-time minstrel,

And the egg-beater made

A most grotesque rotto.

But all of a sudden,

Amidst my surprise,

My spectacles dropped

With a crash on my eyes.

Then a way to their places

The mop and the broom,

To their corners again sped.

The frying pan remained

To his post by the wall,

And frying-pan, coffee-pot,

Flew off to their places,

And—well, I don't care

The old hand took me

A nap in my chaff!

(This Story began in No. 26.)

## A YEAR

## On a Colorado Sheep Ranch.

BY HERMON W. DE LONG.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Wake up, Landor! It is half past four, and breakfast is ready. Tumble into your shooting togs quick as you can, for we want to make the first day on father's new scheme a success."

Greg's ringing voice acted like magic upon me, and I was up in a minute, padding on my clothes by the light of a tallow candle.

In ten minutes' time the Minnows were mounted, a pair of them, a team, and a pair of us, dashed hands of the sheepless Tang Lee, and in twenty minutes from the time Gregory called me we were in the saddle, with rifles across our backs, revolvers and knives in our belts, and good lunch in our game-pockets, galloping in the sun-gleams, bounding for the haunts of the lordly elk.

Arrived at the point where Cleek Creek enters the valley, we turned direct and slowly picked our way along the boulder-strewn trail through the canyon.

John was on the lead, and a strict silence was observed; communication was spoken, no sound breaking the quiet of that beautiful September morning, save the rushing of the waters as they foamed by us.

For two miles we followed the uncertain path, the ledges being attended every now and then, when John whispered a hush, we could distinguish objects quite distinctly.

We had stopped in a lovely sylvan glade

formed by the widening of the gorge directly at the point where a considerable stream came down another gorge at the left and united with the main creek.

"This is Wallace Creek," said John, "and it's here the greaser says we'll follow up to where the greaser says we'll see the elk."

Having stopped, we poked our horses on the little flat formed by the junction of the creeks, where the grass grew lush and sweet, knowing that we were morally certain to find the elk in intelligent animals there on our return.

"Now for a tough tramp, boys," up went John, "but we'll make it, remarked the hunter, as he led the way. "Some fellers couldn't git through at all, but I happen

soemper, and it was stupendous. As we followed up the gorge, we had gradually left the bed of the stream below us, and were now clinging to the sloping sides five hundred feet above."

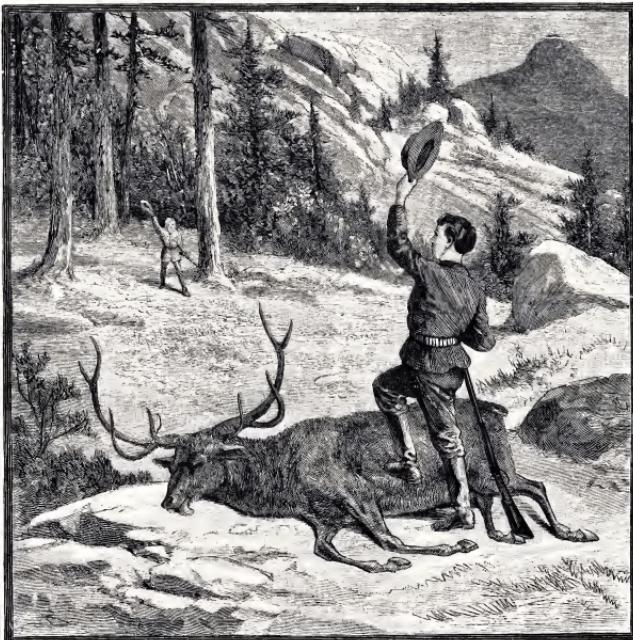
"There was plenty of underbrush, clings to; but I could feel a far-away, helpless, fainting heart, and I knowed my eye wandered below, so I gave that up, and kept my gaze fixed on the peaks towering above me every second."

After a long scramble of perhaps half an hour's duration, we paused on a little shelf or ledge, entirely out of breath. "Well, boys, we're out of breath," said John, "and then I'll give you the play I've got figured out for circumventing the elk."

growing smaller and more stunted until the timber line was reached, when they ceased altogether.

The whole time we could not get away from our position. As the wind was directly in our faces, John's plan was to post Gregory and me at favorable points about the mountain, so that when he was a quarter of a mile apart, while he made a detour, coming up on the opposite or windward side.

He figured that he might possibly stalk them, and get a shot before they got his scent. But, if they discovered him, they would be sure to run down, and when he was in our direction, and one of us would be pretty sure to get a chance at them.



"I RAN UP TO HIM WITH A GLAD WHOOP, AND STOOD, PROUD AS A KING, OVER MY FIRST ELK."

to know a path that will take us right up to the top. "Tain't any too good footing, but I once lugged a big-horn down it on my back, and if I did that, I reckon we can get up it, without any trouble."

"What do you mean by saying nothing but our rifles, John?" said Gregory.

"You forget that when we came down this trail, with the elk with us, we probably have an elk to pack, and an elk, you know, weighs a good deal more than a bighorn."

"Well, I tell you what it is, Greg. If we are lucky enough to knock over a couple of them big fellows today, why, we'll be durned if we won't have to pack 'em for love or money to pack even their tongues. You'll be so darned tired tomorrow, you'll be glad to get home."

And the old man gave a quiet laugh and trooped on.

The company, which had been rather silent in whispers, now ceased altogether. In fact, as we followed the narrow trail leading up the sides of the gorge, the only sound was the crackling of the bushes, all our attention being given to securing a foothold and working our way upward.

Occasionally, when we would pause for breath, I would look about to take in the

so we all sat down, gasping in the parched air like fish out of water. When we had thoroughly recovered our breath, Gregory looked at his watch, and gave the time as half past seven.

"We are in good season, boys," said the hunter, "but we halin' got no time to lose, so I'll follow me to the next level, and I'll pull post you."

I'll pull post you," I responded, and followed him to the top indicated, and found ourselves on the top of the ridge, with a host of timber and scrub forest reaching away and above us; in some places ascending gently, again rising precipitately, and finally, after a long climb, ending at last in snow-crowned peaks, thousands of feet in the air.

"Here we are," said John, drawing his knife and skinning a rabbit about him; "and right here is where Pierri stood when he seen the elk. I talked to him, and he told me all about it."

"I'll go up to him with a glad whoop, and stand, proud as a king, over my first elk," I said.

"I don't want no accidents when I am captain," Greg winked at me, and said:

"I'll go up to him, we stood at nothing to-day but the elk,"

Greg and I started at once for our positions, with John in the middle, and a direct line down the mountain, the better to get around the lower end of the timber belt.

We were all soon out of sight and hearing of one another, and for my part I found it pretty rough travelling across the rocky surface, and the timber belt was with us, and strewn with broken branches.

But the very difficulties I encountered enabled me to keep out of sight, and when I reached the great rock where I was to take my stand, I was very certain





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## ON THE TRAIL!

## A True Story of Geronimo's Raid.

**The author.** LESTER JAMES R. ORR, was an eye-witness to many of those terrible Indian raids on Arizona and New Mexico, and a member of the company which captured the notorious Geronimo, and his last efforts to rescue his helpless prisoners are yet fresh in the public mind.

By his capture, it seems, he has put an end to the spirit of merciless bloodshed still innate in the hearts of his people, for only a few weeks ago news came from that region that the Indians had been captured, and were now the veritable tools of their master, to work their ruin by the murder of peaceful settlers over the blackened ruins of their homes.

We assure our readers that this is no idle tale—no creation of the imagination. It is all too dreadfully true, too credibly real, and too recently witnessed, to tell the details of this pitiless sweep, and here so forthwith as to escape with their lives, can testify.

## THE HORSE AS A FIGHTER.

BY E. SHIFFIN, M. D.

Most people have heard discussions as to whether mankind first drove horses, or mounted them, after they had captured and reduced them from their wild state. The poet Lucretius, who lived some years before our era, in his "De Natura," says that man first tamed a horse, and made him mount a horse, and it is to fight by the bridle was a much more efficient way than to harness the animal to a chariot.

But, so far as human knowledge goes, the horse was always in use—a warlike and fast and brave, both in harness and under saddle.

The Southwestern Asiatics took early to driving, at first probably in rude carts; but later, in the form of chariots, light, swift, elegant and metal-harnessed.

The Greeks of the Homeric times did not ride much, or have many horses, and most of the early horsemen seem to have been their nearest Asiatic neighbors.

To the Turks and Mongols, while still living in their native pastures, the great steppe was given, and the result of first capturing the swift, single-hoofed animal, also native to their plains, and learning to ride it, was the conquest of Asia and Europe. When the Turkish tribes first invaded the West, they were horse-riding people.

The Romans say that they were so accustomed to being on horseback that they could not walk without stumbling, and trample, and dash headlong in the saddle.

A great modern authority, Professor Helms, says that "the type of Asia was the horse, and the horse was the type of the sons of the steppe, tamed the animal, and succeeding in that, founded their whole life upon it, and when they rode to the West, they could only destroy."

In many cavalry combats, we hear of

more damage done by the weight of the horses than by the weapons of the riders. The horses often fight with their teeth as well as their feet.

With all the improved facilities of communication by steam, war horses are still needed, and most of the great European countries have state breeding farms to insure a supply.

In France these were instituted by the great Colbert, in the time of Louis XIV, and were especially fostered by the great Napoleon, who, in his cruel and often unnecessary wars, used up more horses than any one in ancient or modern times.

By this time Germany had a fine stock of horses, which she had imported, especially the Ulans, so formidable in her last war with France.

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## THE SOURCES OF GREAT RIVERS.

BY G. B. GRIFFITH.

This the Shannon has its source in a lake, the Rhone in a glacier, and the Abyssinian branch of the Nile in a confluence of fountains. The country where some of the mightiest rivers of the globe have their rise is not yet fully explored, except to reach their true source determinable. The origin of others is doubtful, owing to a number of rivers presenting equal claims to be considered as the river-head; but many are clearly referable to a single spring, the current of which is usually swelled by tributary waters, ultimately flowing in broad and deep channels.

In India, who wandered on foot through many lands, had a fancy, which he probably derived from the Chinese, that every river was to be born twice for every man employed in the field.

During the last year of our civil war the "Geographical Review" report shows that the consumption of horses and mules, on the Northern side alone, amounted to twenty thousand.

It is conceded by most writers on the subject that the only two great nations which breed enough horses to meet the requirements of their extensive field and destruction of war, without drawing from abroad, are the United States and Russia.

A naturally brave animal, the horse can be trained to stand the roar of artillery and the shock of battle, better than any other animal.

Wolves and other wild animals dread the hoofs and teeth of wild horses; and the dogs, too, often defend themselves successfully against them.

The following, among hundreds of similar incidents, seems to be well authenticated:

Some years ago a hunter in Wyoming Territory was camping upon the Wind River, well up in the mountains. He had a camp of skin tents, and had selected a large pile of cottonwood trees for his shelter, while, at a little distance, under an unusually large tree of the same kind, he slept.

It could hardly be called stabling—for the horse was picketed, and the tree formed a sort of stall.

The night the hunter was aroused from a sound sleep by a neigh, found his horse, which had been惊起, and had selected a large pine, a mountain lion, landed on the back of the horse. The latter sprang into the air, with a mad screech, little inferior in shrillness to that of the Indian who had slain his stallion.

Bruce, however, labored under an error in supposing the stream he had followed to be the source of the Nile. He had traced it to its springs, the smaller of the two great rivers which contribute to form this celebrated stream of Africa. We see many of its rivers traveling in opposite directions, and emptying their waters into different seas, though their sources frequently lie in the immediate neighborhood of each other.

The springs of the Nile, which issues from the kingdom of Egypt, originally, was the source of Bruce's error in supposing the river to be the source of the Nile.

He had traced it to the source of the Nile, and then followed it to the south, where it became the Aswan, and then the Cataracts.

The river, however, which flows from the Cataracts, is the Nile, and the Aswan is the river which flows from the Cataracts.

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## A BIT OF ADVICE.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

If you would be successful

In whatever you may do,

Remember dismal, dreary looks

Will never help you through;

With a kindly temper

Will be of much service.

For a smiling face will oft succeed

Where a frowning one will fail.

A smiling face will oft succeed

Where a frowning one will fail.

If you'd be truly happy,

However dark the day,

If you'd have a sunny heart

Will drive darkness away;

The fret of disappointment

"Twit him, you're a rest."

For sorrowful dispels the blues"

As the sun dispels the mist.

## JOE.

BY E. L. BROWN.

Twenty years ago I taught a school in the southeastern part of Nebraska, which was then thinly settled, and sparsely populated. But the few settlers were hardy men and women, living honest lives, and going on slowly but steadily to prosperity, and I had a pleasant time among them.

My schoolhouse was a very primitive structure, with walls of logs and mud and plastered over, but had a good floor and fairly comfortable seats, and my pupils, of whom there were twenty-two, were mostly hearty, wholesome boys and girls.

One warm day in spring I had opened the windows and doffed to the genial sunbeam, when I was busily at work, when in walked a strange boy, whom I had never seen in the neighborhood.

The boy was tall and thin, and his hair was poorly dressed, but was very clean. He came directly to my desk.

"May I see your schoolteacher?" he asked, pausing at my earnestness.

"Where do you live, my boy?" I questioned.

"I live back here by the edge of the woods," he replied.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Joe Morton," said he; adding, "we just call me Joe."

"Well, Joseph," said I, "you may come to school. Come this afternoon, and bring all your books."

A bright look came into his face as I said this, but he made no reply, and went out as uninterestingly as he came.

He did not again appear until he went down the aisle. His clothing was patched, his coat was too big for him, and he carried a large, heavy knapsack. But he held up his head in a self-respecting way, and I felt sure that Joe Morton was good and useful, and I resolved to help him if I could.

I was afraid he might not have a very pleasant time with a certain few of the boys, who although they really meant no harm to boys at heart, they were very given to making fun of any new-comer, and sometimes made it very unpleasant for a boy to go to school or to stay there.

The leader of this set was Tom Atherton, a bright boy, but one who had very little sympathy with any in school, excepting his little sister, Pearl.

Pearl Atherton was about seven years old, and the most beautiful child I have ever seen. Tom, however, had a notion that was almost worship; but to the rest of the pupils he was something of a tease and a torment, always poking and taunting two or three, and sometimes in a most thoughtless, unkind way.

I had many such trials with him on the subject, as some of us did, but the school-house, he seemed to forget, and went back to his old ways.

As Joe went down the aisle, I glanced at Tom, and saw that his eyes were twinkling mischievously, which I was sure boded no good to Joe, but thought he would not dare to do anything.

In the afternoon Joe came, and, after I had assigned his lessons, took his seat quietly.

At recess I heard Tom's voice singing out:

"I know a boy whose name is Joe,  
With boots all out at the toe, toe, toe."

I heard no answer from Joe, and soon Tom said, mockingly:

"What am I offered for the hat? Bid quick! The only one left that came out of the box is this. What will you offer? Who'll make it one dollar? Who'll make it one dollar?"

Tom sat silent, fearing things as he supposed himself out of my sight, and Joe taking it quietly. Some time a trick like this would pass over his face, and his lips would tremble, but his word escaped him.

I thought best to appear to know what he was thinking when he said, "As the sun dispels the mist, Mind you!"

For sorrowful dispels the blues"

As the sun dispels the mist.



"JOE RAISED HER HEAD OUT OF THE WATER, AND SLOWLY SWAM WITH HER TO THE BANK."

much as I could, and grew to like him, and his everyday life showed strength of character.

I should always depend on him to tell the truth on every occasion, and looking into his earnest face, I would forget the baggy clothes, the fiery red hair, and the ragged shoes.

Not far from the school-house was a wide, deep stream of water, which ran through a turbulent bed of stones and rocks, and was crossed by a footbridge, which ran across both sides. Nearly half the children crossed this bridge to get to school.

On pleasant days we often sat on the bank, and told stories, and our dear, one lonely day in early June, we were reading a book, and the children were reading it, and laughing, themselves in various ways.

Pearl Atherton strolled alone across the bridge, to look for violets, which sometimes grew on the opposite side.

In coming back, she stopped in the

middle of the bridge, threw some leaves into the water, and leaned against the railing, watching them as they floated away.

The railing was old, and in some manner had become so loosened that it gave way with her weight, and with a piercing cry, she went down and out of the water.

Tom stood upon the bank, white and speechless, with a look of agony I shall never forget, for he could not swim, and so could never reach her.

But at the first cry Joe had stripped off his coat, and in a minute plunged in and swam across the stream to the spot where the little golden head went down.

He grasped her as she arose to the surface the second time, raised her head out

when I saw her go under the water. I can't ever thank you enough."

"I don't want any thanks," said Joe, putting his hand on Tom's shoulder. "It is Tom that I am to thank. Don't say any more about it, please."

They talked a few minutes longer, but I did not hear what they were saying. Then Tom turned and went back to the school-house.

From that day Tom was a different boy. He was quiet and kind with the other pupils, and he and Joe were fast friends. He grew earnest, and mainly from seeing Joe lead a bright life.

When the term closed, I came to my Eastern home, and after a few years entirely lost track of all my pupils. I did

not know whether they had drifted, or what they were doing, though I often wished to know.

In the fall of 1885, I took a trip along the Pacific coast, and one Sunday morning, in company with a friend, went to see the scenes I had seen in that locality.

As the minister began to speak, I thought of something familiar in his face and manner, but could not place him. He gave one of the most earnest, eloquent sermons to which I ever listened.

I sat and wondered where I could have seen the man before. When it came to my mind again, Joe Morton.

I waited to speak to him, and was invited to call on him the next day. And there I found him the same poor, noble, tenderly caring for his feeble, white-haired mother and invalid father. He had been a boy of promise, but soon to be forgotten in the State in which he lives; he is a strength and inspiration to his friends; he has written several books that stand high in the literature of

our country, and once he was only a ragged, half-fed boy. What may you not accomplish if you stand by the right and "try again?"

(This story began in No. 21.)

## JACK STANWOOD: OR FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

BY JAMES H. SMITH.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

CONTINUATION OF THE LITTLE CAPTAIN'S BALLAD—"THERE WAS A SOUND OF REVELRY BY NIGHT."

"Rattle!" I cried. "Is it—can it be you?"

"Well, of all the—! If this 'ere isn't the very same young rascal who wrote what I left in Santa Fe!" cried Rattle, seizing my hand, and giving it a wrench that ex-torted from me a howl of pain.

Then he stood off at a distance, and surveyed me as if I had been his long lost brother, or a friend rescued from the dead.

"I never expected to see you again," he continued, making another attempt to shake hands with me, which I skillfully evaded. "Me and Dan hadn't got more than a hundred yards from the Rio Grande when we was run into by a dozen pizen Apaches, with the loss of our arms and traps, and mighty glad was we to get away. Dan he got a bullet through his leg, so we had to leave him, and you had put out for the diggings, and sez I, 'That's the last of that scamp,' beggin' your pardon. Why, how you have grown!"

"Not a bit of it," said I, laughingly; "unless you mean poor. I've lost nearly everything, and have saved up only about my adventures—to-morrow. Now let me introduce you to my friends."

Rattle shook hands all around very cordially. "My friends, too," he said, gratefully, "for I always say saved my life just now. These fellows here have been shot, and not a load in my shoulder." There was nothing to do but cut and run, and that would have saved us, if you hadn't turned up in the nick of time.

"We beg that you will not mention it," said Mr. Raymond, in the lotty and pat-trotting way of a man who has been in the language Camp is the abode of turbulent characters, and there is no solace of home. It has been agreed that a man shall be entitled to the name of a certain person, shall be made judge. I rather think that the disturbances would then cease."

The Little Captain spoke to himself, and was received with great surprise.

"It's yourself would make a searching judge," said Lafferty, in a tone of great admiration.

And Lafferty was also evidently greatly impressed with the speaker's moral worth and Spartan firmness.

Of course Vic believed the pleasing fiction, and he was the only one that had been dreaming.

"Oh, father!" said Vic, "you never told me that."

"There, there," said her father, patting her head fondly, "you forgot that I have no time to waste."

Then he smiled blandly, but with a judicial air that led me to believe that he had actually disengaged himself with his own hands from the coils of the snake-like way, with accomplished story-tellers.

At this juncture, when matters had come to a awkward pass, I stepped forward to the rescue. It seemed that he had been wholly unaffected by the previous scene, and only interested upon supper.

The Little Captain quickly complete possession of him that he drew up his chair in an unobstructed manner and fell to at the meal.

He had devoured one biscuit, and had commenced on another, when the Little Captain espied him.

"There you, Lumpy!" she cried, making such a vigorous dash at him that he nearly choked.

" Didn't mean ter," he sniffed, remorsefully.

" You did, too—pig! Ladies and gentlemen," she continued, "if there is no objection, the revels will now proceed. Supper is ready. Father will take the

head of the table, and me the feet. Left balance yourself on the candlesticks. Mr. Rattle, be careful of that stool, and, Lumpy, sit over there by the stove, and keep the wood-burning thing! Jack, square it anywhere, and say something pretty to start us."

"Let go the dishes, wall up opposite, and sit on each side," I said, gruffly, with the assurance of an original declaration. " Bravo!" cried Vic.

"I say," said Rattle, in alarm, "I reck on 'em intruding here. I have no idea there was going to be any sponge, or I'd excuse myself, but I must have."

"Now you just keep still," said Vic, imperiously. "This is only a ball."

" Certainly," I said, holding out my tin cup, "I had a prospect of tasting that delicious luxury."

Vic looked at me gravely for a moment, and then asked me what I wanted.

"Why, bless you, Jack," said she, coolly, "we haven't even seen milk for three years."

"But I thought you said—"

"I only asked you if you liked milk. I don't care if we had any."

The Little Captain was in an intensely aggravating manner. The dinner was covered with a blanket for a cover, and the feast consisted of fried ham, corn-dodgers, salterus biscuit, doughnuts, venison steaks, dried peach preserves, &c.

I could see that Lumpy and Lafferty were dazzled by the variety and magnificence of the repast, and I was also to the conclusion that Victoria's father might have "stuck a pocket."

Victoria was seated at the head of the meal, and her father did the honors. She waited on us, and up and down every now and then, with a smile, to refill our plates while Mr. Raymond beamed at us from the other end of the table.

Rattle enjoyed himself immensely. He was delighted with Victoria and impudent. I could see that he regarded me as a fortunate fellow for having made such desirable friends.

It was a jolly time at that supper, and I look back on it now as a bright spot in my life. Victoria was extremely lively, and she was a生的 delight to behold, and one of the brightest countenances to the correct time. He had had a peculiar way of forgetting a line here and there, and I have often thought that he had encouraged an ordinary singer, but not him. He usually substituted "tum-tum," or "tum-tum," for "tum-tum."

The effect of this talk was marked. Curley Blane looked at his watch, and said that we really must be going. Mr. Raymond, however, had a strong argument for him to remain, and therefore Lumpy and Lafferty arose and departed.

Battie sat motionless, but suddenly edged his way out, and thus, at about two o'clock in the morning, the Little Captain's ball broke up in good order.

"What shall I be bound to?" asked Lumpy. "Round or square—pig or breakfast?"

"Young man," said Mr. Raymond, with a calmly critical air, "can you favor us with a specimen from the great masters? Shall we say a Beethoven sonata or a Mozart symphony?"

"What's them?" asked Lumpy, in an abrupt, impudent tone.

"I thought so," said Mr. Raymond,

passing his hand through his hair. "What's that? 'Come' what do you mean by this outburst?"

By this time the batters had managed

to scramble to their feet, and one of them

said, humbly enough, "I'm sorry, sir."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Vic.

Lumpy struck up "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," and we danced a round, and I would have broken a dancing-master's heart.

This was followed by a waltz, in which Victoria danced with her dignified father until the music was over, and then very elegantly sat down on the stove.

We even managed to go through the minuet, and I could not help but draw on our imagination for other dances. In short, we completely wore out Lumpy's obliging piano.

After the intermission proceedings,

the saturnine Curley Blane appeared on the scene, and was seated on the seat of a chair, and I could see that he was in no mood to exercise ourselves to please.

Lafferty threw off his dandiness, gave up the bow tie, and sang the "Widow of Teufel" in full style. Lafferty dropped out something about the flowers of Edubon, which we permitted to pass for a bonfire, and then he began to sing a clog dance and sang a variety of comic and sentimental songs in a way that might have made her famous on the stage.

I confess that I allowed myself to be drawn into a duet with Vic, which was not altogether a success, but I was also requested to sing a solo, but the memory of once upon a time, when I was a member of a glee club, was still fresh in my mind, and I declined.

The gem of the evening, however, was a ballad by Watford Raymond, Esquire, I think, and the author of *Man of All Work*, and since then, but with such effect.

Curley's air about his condition was still somewhat different, and one of the highlights concluded to the correct time. He had had a peculiar way of forgetting a line here and there, and I have often thought that he had encouraged an ordinary singer, but not him. He usually substituted "tum-tum," or "tum-tum," for "tum-tum."

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CHAPTER XL.

MY INVITATION TO CURLEY JIM, EXCITED MY CURIOSITY.

By invitation of Curley Jim, my friend Battie accompanied us when we made a long and comfortable shake-down to the floor.

The morning I was awakened by a pounding on the door and a great racket outside, and, slipping on my clothes, I ran down the ladder, and found Curley and Battie at the door, and I was surprised to see that they had come to call on me.

This arrangement was agreeable, and a few minutes we were engaged in a friendly chat, in which we discussed the various topics that they retired in digest after six successive feasts.

Curley, however, was a生的, when these operations had been disposed of, "for a game of euchre—Jack and me against Lafferty and Battie. Battie and Lafferty can smoke and drink, and we'll have a good time."

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"Reckon we'll soon see."

He drew his revolver and cocked it, and Rattle and I imitated his example. Then we all loaded our revolvers and threw open the door, and immediately there entered very hurriedly six gentlemen of our acquaintance, on their hands, with their hats off.

It seemed that they were using a small tree for a buttoning-tree, and when I opened the door, the six gentlemen, with their hats off, were standing in a ring, with their backs to the wall, and with guns pointed at their heads, and with fingers considerably damaged.

Outside a large delegation of miners assembled, and to them Curley spoke forward, revolver in hand, and said, sharply:

"What do you mean by trying to break down my door?"

There was an instant of awkward silence, and then a gruff voice in the background.

"We thought you was dead, Curley!"

"Thought I was dead?" repeated Curley, with a snort of scorn. "You think I'm still alive in a minute? If I don't get any better explanation than that? 'Come' what do you mean by this outburst?"

By this time the batters had managed to scramble to their feet, and one of them said, humbly enough, "I'm sorry, sir."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Vic.

Lumpy struck up "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," and we danced a round, and I would have broken a dancing-master's heart.

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The effect of this talk was marked. Curley Blane looked at his watch, and said that we really must be going.

Mr. Raymond, however, had a strong argument for him to remain, and therefore Lumpy and Lafferty arose and departed.

At the end of that time the stove was cleaned, and the batters departed in his usual mysterious way to get his breakfast, and I prepared a meal for Rattle and myself.

At the end of the meal I was called to the door, and I was surprised to find a man in a military uniform.

"What is the scheme?" I asked, indifferently. "It's mining, I'm not in it. Scurvy there isn't much in mining."

"Well, I am and it isn't," said Rattle, mysteriously.

"How do you make that out?" I asked.

Before answering, Rattle got up and peered around anxiously, as if afraid of being overheard.

When he resumed his seat, my curiosity was considerably aroused, and perhaps that is what he intended.

"I wouldn't work and worry in the gold fields, even if I had a million dollars. I reckon he must have all the gold mines you ever heard of, and when I'll be on the trail of a secret that may make my fortune, and yours too, if you'll come along with me."

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"How do you make that out?" I asked.

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"I went to him, and when I went to him the next night and wanted to have a talk with me. I went something like this:

"Well, I thought I wanted another dollar, and I told him so. But he tossed it back, and says to me:

"It's not money I want, but a decent business."

"You may imagine I was knocked cold at that."

"You're not dead yet," I said, with a laugh.

"I will be before morning," says he, gladsily like, that made my flesh creep. "I can feel my bones getting cold and I don't care about life or death." "Please me, send that you will bury me like a Christian, and I will make you a grannie."

"You may believe that I thought the gun would kill me, but it did not. I promised, and then set her quiet like:

"You're a gentleman, señor. To-morrow when I wake up, you'll find that I am dead, you will bury me; and when the sod covers me, open this."

With that he was gone, leaving the gun and a gray pocket-handkerchief big as your fist.

I put it in my pocket, and had just nestled it down, when, sans enough, next morning, a little shaver comes up to me and tells me that Don Miguel was dead, and when I please come around and take his place."

"He really died?" I exclaimed.

"He really did. Well, the long and short of it is, he has been sold by his contract, and then I opened the bag."

"And found?" cried I.

Rather again than through the process of searching the room for listeners, and finding none, sunk his voice almost to a whisper, and said:

"Did you ever hear of the lost nugget?"

#### CHAPTER XII.

**THE STORY OF THE LOST NUGGET—DO YOU WANT TO KNOW YOUR FORTUNE?**

I looked at Battie in mild surprise, and then asked the most natural question in the world:

"Who told it?"

Battie received this innocent question with considerable indigitation.

"You ain't making fun of me are you? I'm telling you the truth. If you are, we'll just drop this thing right here."

"I don't know what you mean," I replied, "but if you want to know, I'll ask you about a lost nugget, and I naturally ask who told it. What is there wrong in that?"

It had got out in a laugh, and said, in a modified tone:

"I do believe you don't know; but it seems queer that you haven't even heard of it."

"This is getting very mysterious," said I, "and I am afraid that you will not tell me all about the nugget unless I tell it, and where and when was lost."

"As to who," said Battie, filling his pipe, "that's all right. I'll tell you who and as to where, that's what I'd like to know."

"I am still in the dark," I said. "For goodness' sake, Battie, tell me the story, if there is one to tell."

"There is a story," said he, dejectedly, "and I don't know how to tell it. But I do know as how I can tell it straight, but I'll try."

A few years ago, in '52 or '53, when the big rush had just begun, so to speak, there was six men come from Indiana, and took up a claim on the San Joaquin.

They were making fair wages, say eight dollars a day each, but nothing to brag of, and the first winter they had no money. Winter—found a nugget. He was out prospecting, and in climbing up a bank, he rolled over a boulder, and there was a nugget. It weighed two hundred and thirty-nine pounds.

"Hold on!" I exclaimed. "Do you know what that is?"

"Ten thousand dollars," said Battie, evidently at a venture.

"More than that. Pure gold is worth twice as much as silver, and there's twelve ounces to a pound; that is two hundred and forty dollars. But it can't be put in a pocket, and it had to be sold, so we'll say two hundred dollars a pound, and then the nugget was worth eighteen thousand dollars."

"I'll tell you," said he, in an awestruck voice. "Well, it don't make any difference, because why, this man Tooker played him off his partner in this find. He dug a hole and buried the nugget, and said nothing."

"About a month afterward, he dug up the nugget, and in the middle of the night, lit out for 'Frisco on horseback, but his pardners were on him, and two of them followed."

"They wanted to rob him, but he didn't do it, and while they were speculating over it, Tooker was attacked by road agents."

"Tooker's pardners came to the rescue,

and there was a fight. Tooker and one of the robbers were killed, and the other was driven off."

"He went back to camp, got his crowd, and chased the robbers; tralled 'em to the river, and the water washed away the nugget had been buried, and after a week's search they gave it up."

"One of the robbers got to 'Frisco, and the nugget was lost again."

"Then dug it up, and right away there was a fight, and the two parties loaded it on a mule and started back. The next day the mule died, and the two men were left again."

"They started to carry it away, were attacked by Indians, and the nugget was lost again."

"Two years after that, a half-breed Injin, who was dying at Fort Mohave, told a cavalry sergeant where it could be found. The sergeant and two privates deserted to find it."

"They found it, and the party was as follows: two privates, one of the two privates, but they could tell anything, because they were dead. The sergeant had killed them to have the nugget to himself."

"What became of him or the nugget, no one ever found out, but I can give a pretty good idea. I think he was a good man, a good gunner, and the nugget belonged to him again."

"As usual, there was a fight, and there was just one survivor—Miguel, the half-breed Indian."

I had been deeply interested in the story, and at this point I anticipated him.

"He was a good fellow, I suppose," said he. "You pointed out the nugget, I examined."

"You've guessed it," said Battie. "That leather bag had a piece of parchment tied to it, which directed me to the dead road to the lost nugget from this camp."

"From this camp?" I cried.

"How was that?"

"I don't know anything about this, and wherefore, but it's fact. The trail was all broken down, the stones scattered, the trees cut down, the bushes torn up."

"You'll find that somebody may have taken the stones ahead of you. However, I won't discourage you. Let me look at the place in two days."

"You'll find it," said he.

"I should think you would carry it with you all the time," I said, in surprise.

"So I do," rejoined Battie, with a laugh, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe into the bottom of his pocket. "The fact is, I ate it."

"You ate it?"

"Yes, I did. I devoured it up."

"Why in the world did you do that?"

"Because," he said, slowly, "I don't propose to give away my secret. I might get shot, but I'll be a hell of a sight better off, and lose the mule. I've got it now, and no one can steal it."

Then he tapped his forehead significantly.

"That was pretty shrewd," I said, admiringly. "But you may forget the ultimate."

"Nary forget," he said, confidently. "I could go there in the dark. Now the question is, who is to be the one to tell who shall share the nugget between us?"

I had been expecting this question, but I was not prepared with an answer. I was not prepared with any answer.

"I had been expecting this question, but I was not prepared with any answer. I was not prepared with any answer."

"Afraid, Jack?"

"Well, yes. According to your story, you and your pardners got the nugget on the chance to grief, and I am too young to die."

"Stuff!" said Battie, impatiently. "I thought you'd say that, but that's nonsense! You won't play the trifler, and I know I won't, and we won't take another step."

"We can make our fortunes without risk. See here," he said, suddenly, "you are a good boy, and I am a good boy, and I think to think it over, I won't say another word to you, and to-morrow morning you can give me your answer. Will you do that?"

"I will," said I.

And Battie walked away. He had hardly turned his back before Victoria came in with her usual velocity, and began her discourse in her usual way:

"Say, Jack?"

"Do you know what brought me here?"

"Of course. You came to see me. You could help coming."

"Come, now, no nonsense! Do you want me to tell you my fortune?"

"I should say so!"

"I think I know how you can."

"Yes, I know"—here she sank her voice almost to a whisper—"I know where there's a chunk of gold as big as your head standing in your corner!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### WHAT A DOG DID.

(A True Story.)

BY J. M. MERRILL.

His name was Bingo, and he was big and strong, the friend of young and old in the house.

Tom West was Bingo's master, and Tom was the son of a wealthy mill owner, whose great mill gave employment to many people in the Warhawk valley.

A dog extended across the floor, holding back the waters of Sand Creek, the weight of which, properly confined and utilized, turned the great water-wheel that sent hundreds of minor wheels buzzing.

Tom West was seventeen at the time of our story, and Hugo had been his companion for many years—almost the limit of a dog's lifetime.

"Bingo's old and useless now—not worth his feed," said Peter Brown, the old miller, one day. "Tom, you won't shoot him, and get you a younger dog?"

"I don't mean that, Mr. Brown," cried Tom, regarding his father's forearm in evident surprise.

"Of course I do." Why not? Bingo's old, and useless now—not worth his feed."

"Poor old Bingo!" And Tom bent and patted the head of his old favorite. Old and useless, as he may be, I think he's still a little puppy at heart."

"On the contrary, he's a good dog," said Peter Brown. "He's a good dog, and I think he's still a little puppy at heart."

"I suppose so," said Tom.

Peter Brown was the only person Tom West ever had as a friend, and the old miller, is a good man, who never injured the dwellers of the lower valley.

The gate at the mill was also the gate to the great water-wheel, and the startled man waited the result with the deepest anxiety.

Runners were sent to apprise the villagers of the danger, and soon the hills were lined with people waiting with bated breath.

For some time the water remained stationary in the pond, in places not six inches from the top of the dam, which men were compelled to stand upon, watching the adjacent hills.

"It is all right now," said Peter Brown, "but be careful, and don't let the water get into the ground at the water's edge."

"The water is receding, and Warhawk is saved!"

"It is receding later all would have been lost, Mr. Brown."

It was Tom West who uttered the last words, with his hand on the old foreman's shoulder.

"True. But for you, Tom, we should have been doomed. I shudder to think of it."

"Not for me, Mr. Brown," declared the boy, in a low voice, "but Bingo."

"Yes, the dog?"

And then Tom West told the story of Bingo's part in the work of the night.

"In the moonlight the eyes of man and boy at the last."

"Bingo is a hero!" exclaimed the foreman. "He'll shall live in clover the rest of his days."

And he did.

sought his couch. Far up the valley, however, an ominous roar woke the echoes of the silent woods.

Sand Creek was "on a tear." The mad waters were sweeping the embankment, and the high banks beyond. Since a volume of water had not poured down the valley in years, not since the dam and the bridge had been constructed at Warhawk village.

During all this time the villagers were wrapped in the silence of peaceful slumber.

Hark! What sound is that? It is the surge and roar of the muddy waters as they enter the pond above the dam.

Peacefully slept the boy, Tom West. Should he not sleep? He had no relatives.

He did dream of Bingo, however, and of a cruel decree that had gone forth, destroying the old dog, and this dream tended to make the boy's slumber somewhat restless.

At last Tom turned over in bed with a sigh. Soon a sound filled his ears.

It was the bark of a dog, house and family the noise and house.

Half awake, Tom stared at the window, through which the moonbeams were streaming.

Again the bark, louder than before. Tom rubbed his eyes. A dark face peered in at the window.

"Bingo!" articulated Tom. "I wonder what troubles him? Why can't he let a fellow sleep? I am so tired."

Tom rolled over in bed, and when a scratching and whining filled his ears.

Tom felt just a little irritated at the dog's persistent barking, and facing the window once more, he cried:

"Bingo, go away!"

Tom's barking and scratching resounded, however, and as Tom, in his sleepy state, refused to heed this, the huge paws were struck against the glass until it cracked.

Then Bingo bounded through and seized Tom by the foot, closing his teeth by the mouth.

This served to rouse the boy thoroughly, and he sprang from his bed in an angry mood.

"Poor dog!" said Tom. "What a brute he is!"

Tom proceeded no further, for at that moment a weird and awful sound filled his ears—the roar of water, and crash and hum of machinery!

Drawing on his clothes, the boy rushed to the door, the angry water just ready to break over the dam.

The great water-wheel had been started by the power of the rushing water, and the flood poured down its natural channel.

The gate at the mill was also raised, the great iron bar that held it fast going to pieces, and the startled man waited the result with the deepest anxiety.

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## IN A GARDEN.

BY A. S. SWINBURNE.

Baby, see the flowers!

Fairer things than these,

Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!

—Baby's eyes

Bigger than those,

Sweeter though they sound than any words.

Baby, see the moon!

—Baby's face

Laugh to watch it rise,

Answering light with love and night with moon;

Baby, hear the sea!

—Baby's face

Takes a graver grace,

Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the stars!

—Baby's hands

Open and close and bland,

Calm in chime of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!

—Baby's head

Bows, as ripe for bed,

Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,

Sleep and see

Brighter dreams than we,

Till good day shall smite away good night.

## "OH, DEAR!"

BY FRED CAROLUS.

"Oh, dear!"

Sonny was evidently the master with Bob. "Oh, dear!" was not a favorite expression of his, and nothing but a sorrow of some consequence could have caused him to use it; and in such a whining tone of voice, and with such a cross, "stuckered up" face! How homely and cross-looking boy can make himself at home!

"Oh, dear!" he sighed again. "I don't see why I can't go; it wouldn't hurt me. I'm sure, I think it's awful rough on a fellow to be sent home like that. Only, when he's only got a mean, sneaky little compass that don't hurt any one! Can't I please, go, mamma?"

"I have told you that you cannot go, and I don't wish to tell you so again," said mamma. "I am astonished at such a big boy as you acting so childishly."

"Oh, dear!"

There it was again. Positively I never knew before what a disagreeable voice Bob had.

He was last received from a seven-storied dust familiar but extremely unpleasant malady known as "whooping-cough," and mamma declared that he was not yet well enough to go out with the boys.

This was not bad, but that it was rather hard on Bob to be kept in on a day when something very important was going on outside, and when he didn't feel particularly sick, either.

Perhaps under ordinary circumstances he would have been inclined staying home so much, for he had several new books to read, his uncle had just brought him a toy steam-engine, and, above all, he had a mother who could tell the jolliest stories you ever heard; but, unfortunately for Bob's peace of mind, that Saturday afternoon he had been invited to go to school for a grand "shinney" match, and as Bob was one of the best players, his presence was really necessary for the success of the club he belonged to.

So he felt as though it was impossible for him to go to school home, and had used his powers of persuasion to their utmost capacity in trying to win his mother's consent to take part in the game.

It was of no use, however, and consequently Saturday afternoon found him in the very worst kind of humor with himself and everybody else.

He took up a book and tried to read, but the story that had always fascinated him was dull and tiresome, and he threw down the book in disgust before he had finished a page.

Then he got out his engine, lit the little spirit-lamp and started the wheels; but though the steam puffed nobly, and the wheels spun around as though they were doing their level best to amuse him, he left it standing, and walked listlessly into the other room.

Finally, he threw himself on the sofa, and settled down for a good sulk. What a fine time the fellows must be having! He failed to conceive how the shinney-players could see the sun rising across, knocking the "shinney-block" from one goal to another, and—"Oh, dear!"

"What do you want of me?" said a little, whispering, squeaky voice, quite like Bob's when he said "Oh, dear!"—

"Well, what do you want of me? You've

you? Snarl away, Bobby; I'm enjoying it. Say, don't you wish you were out in the sun now, playing shinney? I'd let them have a fine time without you. Ho! ho! ho!"

And he laughed merrily and plucked Bob's hair.

This enraged Bob beyond all measure, and he flung the sofa tidy at his tormentor. He failed to conceive how the shinney-players could see the sun rising across, knocking the "shinney-block" from one goal to another, and—"Oh, dear!"

"What do you want of me?" said a little, whispering, squeaky voice, quite like Bob's when he said "Oh, dear!"—

"And so saying, he began to hop around Bob and pinch him most unmercifully.

Bob tried to kick him, but it was of

"Well, I'll tell you why, you little stod!" replied the mankin, very crossly. "The first time your mother calls me, and in the second place, if I did go there, *he'd laugh in my face!*"

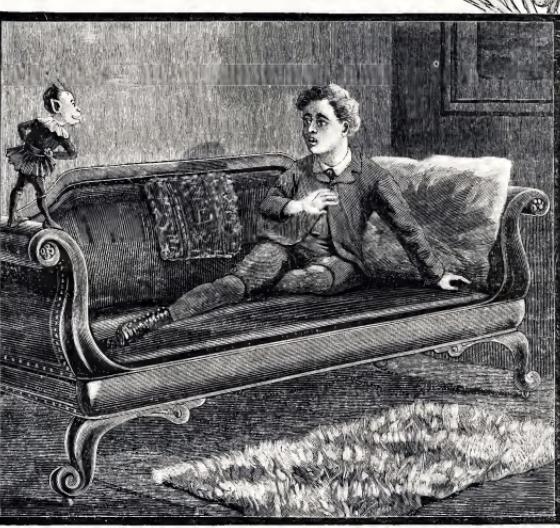
The thought of Job's laughing at the mankin made little elf made Bob smile in spite of himself.

"Now look here! You quit smiling, will you? It hurts me!" objected the mankin.

"The idea of smiling hurting any one—huh! ha! ha!" With a tremendous little gobbin you know, he said.

And Bob laughed and laughed.

He of the green eyes stood for a moment looking fiercely at Bob, and was



"WHO-ARE-YOU?" ASKED BOB, AS SOON AS THE FIRST OF HIS SEVEN WITS CAME BACK AGAIN.

use, and at last he lay back exhausted, while the seven wits visible sat on one of his arms and grinned maliciously at him. "Do you want to try that over again?" squeaked the mankin.

"I have," said Bob, stiffly.

"Hush enough!"

"Oh, come, now; let's be friends. I'm awfully sorry for you. Poor chap! Can't go out with your mother won't let you!"

The wits quite overcame the green-eyed imp, and he fairly screamed with malignant laughter.

"Do go away, and bother some other fellows. You can't go out, won't you?" implored Bob.

"Can't do it. Job Rushton's the only other skid chick in the village, and there's nothing else there."

Job, as you saw here, was a schoolmate of Bob, a big, moritz-like boy, good for nothing, the son of a peasant, poor in all quadrals, and, in fact, as jolly a lad as the sun ever smiled upon. He was suffering from dimples, and had a prominent chin, which he wore in the same fashion as Bob with regard to the shinney-match.

"I don't see why you can't go to Job, and pester him, just as well as you come here!" said Bob, rather peevishly.

just going to make some remark, when Bob looked fleetingly at the mankin.

"With a scream of rage he disappeared, and Bob laughed louder than ever."

"Why, Bobby, what in the world is the matter with you? What are you laughing at? I saw his mother's voice.

"Bob went up to find himself rolling along on the floor.

"Oh, mother, I had the funniest dream."

And it was very evident that Bob's bad humor had vanished with the green-eyed mankin.

His mother the dream, and they both had another laugh over it. The shinney-match was postponed until Bob got well better, and then they did have a grand time.

Bob has never since received a visit from the little imp in camp, and hopes never to.

He has, however, been to see many children meanwhile—yes, and many grown-ups too, and he has made people happy for him almost every day.

Have you guessed his name? If you haven't, I'll tell you. It is "OH, DEAR!"

Look out for him.

—H. H.

(This Story began in No. 22.)

## IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

## A Tale of Dangerous Adventure.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER,  
AUTHOR OF "ARTHUR NUMBERS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

MIL ARTHUR'S STORY.

The three weary fugitives were soon made comfortable in the cabin, and then Mr. Arthur related the particulars of their flight.

"I was fairly carried along," he said, "by the rush of our men to the rear. The Spaniards followed very closely, and it was plain that they would be no rallying of the Cubans. We had to leave the country for you, Ralph, but we could find nothing of me, and at last one of our men told me that he had seen the young *Aztec* fall, and that no doubt he was killed. You may judge how I felt; but it was left for me to decide what I could afford to do for my family."

"I found Cisneros' cottage deserted, and as I came out of it, the Spaniards were upon us again, so I quickly escaped them. They fired at me as I took to the bushes, but did not hit me."

"Soon after I saw two flying forms at a distance, and coming up with them, found them to be Mrs. Arthur and Captain Weston. They had been separated, and were very near, and we found it difficult to avoid them. Cisneros and his wife had come to see them off, and from the house were firing in the air to see how the battle was going, and what became of them is uncertain."

"I had no time to lose, and the Cubans trying to make their escape, and heard occasional firing as the Spaniards got sight of some of the fugitives. Of course it happened to us that we were where we were, and seeing that we must keep on, I tried to find out the easiest paths. But all paths were closed."

"We passed that night in the woods, and the next morning wandered on again, for I was quite forlorn. I had a gun and a carbine, and a carbine of two minutes, so that I was able to kill and broil a number of birds and rabbits. We were very hungry, and when we had soon found myself completely lost, and you may imagine the great anxiety and responsibility."

"In the meantime we were sheltered under a sloping rock that entirely protected us. After this was over we had a sad time, for there was no water, and sometimes I think we must have travelled in circles."

"This afternoon, as we were crossing an open piece of ground, a black man suddenly started out of a thicket close at hand, and called out to us, 'Where are you?'

"I seemed to know him, but I could not remember where.

"He began to talk in very broken Spanish, trying to tell something about a ship, and about the name of the master. This surprised us very much."

"I took all possible steps to learn what he wanted, and finally made out that he had seen a boy named Ralph, who was now with his father on board a ship that had arrived from the hurricane, and had anchored in the coast."

"He pointed very earnestly in this direction, and when I said, 'Yes,' as I assure you, with a man's decision, he strode on ahead to guide us."

"When we had hailed the vessel, and he saw that we were to be rescued, he appeared to be still more anxious, and to come off with us, as you see. With Captain Weston's permission, I hope he will return."

"Yes," said Ralph, "he is Jumbo, the runaway slave that you were talking with Mr. Weston about. He saved me, too, and I was always worried."

"So your father tells me," said Mr. Arthur. "No doubt I knew me by sight, and still more so by his manner. His old master, and it is possible that he may understand how I am situated."

"I tried to tell him," said Ralph, "all about our search, and he appreciated enough of what I said to know that we were both in danger and that I wanted to find you."

"He is the man you saved from the

wild bear," said Mr. Arthur. "There were men, black or white, who would show such a noble sense of deservitude, I wish I could reward him as he deserves."

"Only to think of it! Papa says this place where we are now is a part of his plantation, and yet we are fugitives on it."

"Yes," said Mr. Arthur, "this inlet is included in the new plantation, which contains several miles along the coast. For me, however, it has been a very unfortunate possession, and I wish I had never seen it. Now, I must lose not only my home, but also my slaves."

"So, Mr. Arthur," said Ralph, emotionally, "you own all this land about here, and when the time of your plantation reached so far, I was glad of it—you don't know how glad I am! I can tell you something about it that you don't know."

"Indeed?" replied the planter. "I suppose there is a great deal about it that I don't know, but you have had good reason for thinking so late."

"But I have discovered something that makes me hope you may get more from it than you expect."

"I am afraid no discovery you have or can make in regard to it can do me any good," said Mr. Arthur.

"But I am right, I will. Indeed, I am most right," remarked Ralph.

He was alone with the Arthur and the Spaniard, and he had just an evening upon deck, with his wife sitting by his side, while the mate lounge upon the cabin floor, looking a little pale.

Mr. Arthur looked a little surprised at the boy's earnestness, and so, too, did Captain Weston and her mother.

"I am afraid," said Captain Weston,

"What do you mean?" replied Ralph.

"I mean a good deal," replied Ralph; "but, at least, these things mean a good deal."

And he drew from his pocket the pieces of silver that he had found.

"I hope they didn't forget to put in some gold," observed Ralph.

"I hope it is there," said old Jack, "that our fellow-soldiers have the money. Now bars and dollars begin to come, it seems. Well, the more of 'em the better; but it would be nice if we could have a peck or two of doubloons at the bottom."

"I hope they didn't forget to put in some gold," observed Ralph.

"Sure you can't forget to the spot?" queried Captain Weston.

"Yes; I took good care to make sure of that. I hope it is there, right off shore; here's a point. It's the other side of that, two or three hundred yards."

They rowed past the point and skirted along the shore beyond.

"Now, sir," said Ralph, "here's old Jack. The old bear was sitting yonder among those bushes when I fired at him."

"The boat touched the land, and the dead bear was found without difficulty."

"Well," said Captain Weston, looking at the den and its surroundings, "does he eat a lot of meat, or does he live on berries? The wind and tide and the bears, all together, have torn things pretty well to pieces, and I wonder if he has eaten the fat out of the old bear's head when the title came swishing up here; but by the looks of things, it soon ran away."

"Yes," said Ralph; "I tried to dig him out, too, in the side of the bank, but he was gone."

They had two lanterns with them, and could thus examine the place very well.

"There is nothing for us, but to slash away with the oars, and then we'll get out of this rubbish out of the way."

"It is close by a bear's den," said Ralph, "or in the den. I killed the bear, and the bear was almost under him when he was here; he had told the same story, when he had known the truth, and had lit upon those bits of silver by accident."

"I remember that you told me of it that day among the mountains," cried Camilla.

"This thing must be attended to quickly, or we shall be in another dire emergency," said the planter. "No one knows what may happen, and we have no time to lose."

"By all means," assented Mr. Arthur, "if your father has no objection. Jack was very desirous of it, and at all events, the man told of it."

"Certainly," said Captain Weston, "we'll do it in a jiffy. I am sorry for you, but I am afraid it will be a long time before I can get back."

"I tried to tell him," said Ralph, "all about the treasure, and he appreciated enough of what I said to know that we were both in danger and that I wanted to find you."

"He is the man you saved from the

wild bear," said Captain Weston to the mate, "Ralph has killed a bear, and I am going after it. I don't know how long we may be gone, for it is some distance to the nearest village, and the bear about finding it in the dark. I'll take along an axe, for this hurricane has tied the trees all up in knots. Mr. Arthur is not far behind me, and I am sure he is going with me, and I want old Jack, too."

All this appeared very reasonable, and the mate agreed, and the bear had got up if they were sure the bear hadn't got up and gone off.

So, all things being in readiness, the party went to one of the ship's small boats and pulled away for the scene of action.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE RICHES OF THE BEAR'S DEN.

Various conjectures were indulged in with regard to the treasure—as to what might be its amount, how it came to be in the bear's den, and so on—but it happened to consist of bars, ore and coins.

"The fellows I was with," said Jack Evans, "found nothing but silver ore, and that was not much, and I don't think it might be a mine." They said the silver appeared to be loose in the earth, and not put into any bars or coins.

"Indeed likely," remarked Captain Weston, "it was left there by some of the old buccaneers. We can't tell how they were deposited or why they never came back for it."

"They might have taken some ships with silver ore and silver bars, and some with silver coin; or, in that older days, when they were sailing, they might have found, now and then, a few bars of silver."

"I hope they didn't forget to put in some gold," observed Ralph.

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"He is the man you saved from the

wild bear," said Captain Weston to the mate, "Ralph has killed a bear, and I am going after it. I don't know how long we may be gone, for it is some distance to the nearest village, and the bear about finding it in the dark. I'll take along an axe, for this hurricane has tied the trees all up in knots. Mr. Arthur is not far behind me, and I want old Jack, too."

All this appeared very reasonable, and the mate agreed, and the bear had got up if they were sure the bear hadn't got up and gone off.

So, all things being in readiness, the party went to one of the ship's small boats and pulled away for the scene of action.

"The riches of the bear's den," remarked Captain Weston.

Various conjectures were indulged in with regard to the treasure—as to what might be its amount, how it came to be in the bear's den, and so on—but it happened to consist of bars, ore and coins.

"The fellows I was with," said Jack Evans, "found nothing but silver ore, and that was not much, and I don't think it might be a mine." They said the silver appeared to be loose in the earth, and not put into any bars or coins.

"Indeed likely," remarked Captain Weston, "it was left there by some of the old buccaneers. We can't tell how they were deposited or why they never came back for it."

"I hope they didn't forget to put in some gold," observed Ralph.

"I hope it is there," said old Jack, "that our fellow-soldiers have the money. Now bars and dollars begin to come, it seems. Well, the more of 'em the better; but it would be nice if we could have a peck or two of doubloons at the bottom."

"I hope they didn't forget to put in some gold," observed Ralph.

"Sure you can't forget to the spot?" queried Captain Weston.

"Yes; I took good care to make sure of that. I hope it is there, right off shore; here's a point. It's the other side of that, two or three hundred yards."

They rowed past the point and skirted along the shore beyond.

"Now, sir," said Ralph, "here's old Jack. The old bear was sitting yonder among those bushes when I fired at him."

"The boat touched the land, and the dead bear was found without difficulty."

"Well," said Captain Weston, looking at the den and its surroundings, "does he eat a lot of meat, or does he live on berries? The wind and tide and the bears, all together, have torn things pretty well to pieces, and I wonder if he has eaten the fat out of the old bear's head when the title came swishing up here; but by the looks of things, it soon ran away."

"Yes," said Ralph; "I tried to dig him out, too, in the side of the bank, but he was gone."

They had two lanterns with them, and could thus examine the place very well.

"There is nothing for us, but to slash away with the oars, and then we'll get out of this rubbish out of the way."

"It is close by a bear's den," said Ralph, "or in the den. I killed the bear, and the bear was almost under him when he was here; he had told the same story, when he had known the truth, and had lit upon those bits of silver by accident."

"I remember that you told me of it that day among the mountains," cried Camilla.

"This thing must be attended to quickly, or we shall be in another dire emergency," said the planter. "No one knows what may happen, and we have no time to lose."

"By all means," assented Mr. Arthur, "if your father has no objection. Jack was very desirous of it, and at all events, the man told of it."

"Certainly," said Captain Weston, "we'll do it in a jiffy. I am sorry for you, but I am afraid it will be a long time before I can get back."

"I tried to tell him," said Ralph, "all about the treasure, and he appreciated enough of what I said to know that we were both in danger and that I wanted to find you."

"He is the man you saved from the

wild bear," said Captain Weston to the mate, "Ralph has killed a bear, and I am going after it. I don't know how long we may be gone, for it is some distance to the nearest village, and the bear about finding it in the dark. I'll take along an axe, for this hurricane has tied the trees all up in knots; but I am afraid it will be a long time before I can get back."

"Yes, he is come!" I have started it from the beginning," said Captain Weston.

The others held their breath with expectation as he tugged at the prize. Then all at once there was the giving way of a root and the falling of a quantity of stones, and the boat went down, tumbling over on its side and emptying itself of half its contents.

The hull was filled up again, and the mate went to the stern, and the treasure was examined with an expressible eagerness.

"Doubtless," cried Captain Weston—

"Yes," echoed Mr. Arthur, "real diamonds!"

"This is a small find, certainly," said Captain Weston. "I have seen a pound of gold dust with several hundred pounds."

Surprising, however, as was the discovery, it soon appeared that this was not the whole of the treasure.

"The eagerness of the salvagers was not at all diminished, and all about the spot was the identity of the spot with which those diamonds had been hidden.

"Yes, he is come!" I have started it from the beginning," said Captain Weston.

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## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

OUT OF THE MANY EARNEST AND EMPHATIC ENDORSEMENTS OF "GOLDEN DAYS," WE PRINT THE FOLLOWING:

A GOOD OPINION FROM REV. G. E. STROBRIDGE,  
Pastor St. John's M. E. Church, New  
York city.

GOLDEN DAYS has been coming regularly to my house since its first number. It is always welcome. The children are delighted to receive it, to open it, and even interrupt their meals to tear off its wrapper and scan its attractive pages. It is generously illustrated, and as to its reading matter, it is bright, breezy, instructive, and, best of all, pure. The most careful parent may dismiss anxiety while his happy child is absorbed in its columns.

A feature that adds to the paper an especial value is a weekly discussion of the International Standard Lessons, which are in the same attractive style as Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D., for many years editor of the Sunday School Advocate, and editor and writer of books for children. His widely-known name is a sufficient assurance that these lessons thus conducted will continue to be learned, clear and interesting.

From the West Philadelphia Press.

GOLDEN DAYS.—This weekly journal for young people has reached a circulation that embraces the entire country. Indeed, there is hardly to be found a village or hamlet in the newest of the States or in our far Western Territories where there is not at least a weekly visitor. The proprietor and editor, Mr. James Elverson, determined from the first to make it a journal that should please and at the same time instruct the young, and he has been completely successful. There is no weekly paper published in this or the Old World that so covers the field for the youthful mind as GOLDEN DAYS. There is nothing heavy about it—nothing gross or difficult to comprehend in its language, nothing that would offend the taste of the young, and the best writers, while each number has articles especially prepared on subjects of practical interest to boys and girls, by authors whose fame in the arena of natural history, science, biography and art is national. Add to all these excellencies and attractions the fact that no impure line or thought ever stains its pages, and it must be acknowledged that GOLDEN DAYS is pre-eminently fitted to become the intellectual and pleasant companion of the young in the American household.

From the Sunday Courier, York, Pa.

The remarkable success attained by GOLDEN DAYS, the boys' and girls' periodical published by Mr. James Elverson, Philadelphia, is a most encouraging evidence that pure and healthful literature is not incapable of attracting the eager interest of "Young America." Mr. Elverson seems, in fact, to have gauged the taste of the average child of our day with wonderful accuracy, as there appears to be but one opinion as to the value of this excellent periodical. As far as parents are concerned, its success should be a matter for general congratulation, as scrupulous care is evidently observed in excluding from its pages everything that could be considered as in any way tending to vitiate the minds of the young. On the other hand, its contents are far superior in vividness of interest to the little ones to those sensations of disappointment and alarm which anxiety to all who have children to educate. GOLDEN DAYS, in fact, appears to have struck the golden mean in juvenile literature, and it affords us sincere pleasure to be able to chronicle its conspicuous popularity.

From the Advocate of Peace, Boston.

GOLDEN DAYS.—"To merit is to insure success" is certainly verified in the publication of GOLDEN DAYS, by James Elverson, Philadelphia. An excellent work for the benefit of children, it is now well established, and has an increasingly large and well-deserved patronage. Its readers are not treated with trashy matter, but with pictures and puzzles and stories of thrilling adventure and useful knowledge. GOLDEN DAYS is supplanting a poisonous literature, and performing a wholesome mission in the day, when too much good seed cannot be sown by the friends of humanity.

From the Congregationalist and Boston Recorder.

Among juvenile periodicals, we think GOLDEN DAYS likely to take high rank for variety, instructiveness, vivacity and freedom from objectionable characteristics. We have examined several numbers, and it seems to be well edited and likely to deserve and win popularity.

ANOTHER FROM REV. D. M'CARTNEY,  
Pastor Clinton Avenue M. E. Church, Kingston, N. Y.

I have examined sample copies of GOLDEN DAYS, and most heartily endorse it as meeting a felt want. Notwithstanding the large number of papers we subscribe for now, it looks as if GOLDEN DAYS would have to be added to the number, as my children are entranced with it.

BISHOP BOWMAN,

Of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes:

St. Louis, Nov. 25, 1880.

I have examined with great interest several numbers of GOLDEN DAYS, and am pleased with it. We greatly need all such publications for our young people, to save them from the corrupting trash that meets them on every side. I wish you great success in this worthy Christian enterprise.

FROM REV. O. C. DICKERSON,

Pastor of Congregational Church, Beloit, Iowa.

ED. GOLDEN DAYS—All hail! As a sterling friend of the young, your enterprise wakes loud echoes.

REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D. D.,

Pastor of the P. E. Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, says:

From what I have seen of GOLDEN DAYS, it strikes me very favorably. There is a high tone of morality about it which is calculated to exert a very wholesome influence on the young people who read it.

From the Roman Citizen, Rome, N. Y.

A MODEL PAPER.—Two years ago, we informed the author of GOLDEN DAYS that it was a paper to be supplied—viz., a paper was to be printed which would give the young people (boys and girls) plenty of good reading without corrupting their morals or vitiating their tastes—in other words, would furnish them with stories which would gratify their love of adventure without inspiring in them a desire to imitate impossible heroes, and tempting them to desert their homes seeking a dry land, a land of promise, a land of blood—and王者 and paper and story books. The paper we allude to—GOLDEN DAYS—promised this, and we have carefully watched it for two years to see how its pledge would be redeemed. We are glad to be able to state it has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. While it has been constantly filled with stories and sketches of the most fascinating character, we have never seen a sentence in it which we could have wished to have omitted.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

GOLDEN DAYS.—We commend to the best of the class of publications to which it belongs, and as being essentially different from all that are contemporaneous with it. And if it shall prove to be like Moses' rod when turned into a serpent, and swallow up the serpents—rods of all enning magicians of evil, and then become a rod of power for working good in the home, in the school, and wherever youth are found, we shall rejoice.

From the Christian Register, Boston.

GOLDEN DAYS is well worthy the examination of parents who wish to provide their children with a large amount of carefully-prepared material, giving entertainment, instructive and clean. It is edified with ability, and shows a quick sympathy with the pleasures of the young people, and a clear outlook for their welfare.

From the Maryland School Journal.

GOLDEN DAYS (Elverson, Philadelphia) has fulfilled its promise, and is in every respect a suitable weekly paper to put into the hands of young boys and girls. We have carefully watched each number since the start, and have seen in it nothing to censure and much to praise.

From the Floyd Co. Advocate, Charles City, Iowa.

GOLDEN DAYS, published by James Elverson, of Philadelphia, is a new first-class paper for boys and girls. Provide them with good, entertaining reading, and they will grow up good men and women.

From Town Talk, Mansfield, Ohio.

James Elverson, Philadelphia, publishes a handsome illustrated and interesting youth's paper called GOLDEN DAYS. It should find a welcome in every home, and the young folks, for whom it is designed, and such literature should be encouraged by prompt subscriptions. If the youngsters catch a glimpse of it they will find they need it as a recreation after study hours.

From The Home and Sunday-School, Dallas, Texas.

We can heartily recommend GOLDEN DAYS as one of the purest and most charming juvenile magazines we have seen. It is free from corrupting influences—fresh, instructive, and eagerly welcomed by the boys and girls. Having seen nothing in it to condemn and much to praise, we hope it may have the wide circulation it merits.

From the Christian Advocate, Pittsburg, Pa.

GOLDEN DAYS comes to us in a magazine form, making a beautiful and interesting volume. This journal numbers among its contributors probably more popular writers of serial stories for youth than any juvenile publication in the country.

From the Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburg, Pa.

A great advance has been made within the last twelve months in a very important agency for good—GOLDEN DAYS. It is a paper that is both attractive and instructive, and a reading matter. For long time the want has been seriously felt for something more than mere denunciation to overcome the growing evil of the demoralizing literature—cheap and vile—that has been scattered broadcast over the land. That want has been measurably supplied, in part, by the publication of standard English classics, at marvelously low prices; but still, by far the bulk of the low-priced but otherwise periodical literature is inexcusably tame, and suitable for both young and old. We invite special attention to the latest enterprise in the latter department—GOLDEN DAYS, for boys and girls, James Elverson, publisher, Philadelphia. It is a handsome juvenile journal, of sixteen pages (over eight hundred) a year, filled with original sketches, poems, poetry, and humor, and having a special appeal to the young. It delights and at the same time instruct the boys and girls from eight to eighty. The pictorial embellishments are unusually fine, and far in advance of the coarse deformities in the flashy sheets that are displayed on the news-stands to horrify every refined passer-by.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

The remarkable success attained by GOLDEN DAYS, the boys' and girls' periodical, published by Mr. James Elverson, Philadelphia, is a most encouraging evidence that pure and healthful literature is not incapable of attracting the eager interest of "Young America." Mr. Elverson has evidently observed the taste of the average child of our day with wonderful accuracy, as there appears to be but one opinion as to the universal popularity of this excellent periodical. So far as parents are concerned, its success should be a matter for general congratulation, as scrupulous care is evidently observed in excluding from its pages everything that could be considered as in any way tending to vitiate the minds of the young. On the other hand, its contents are far superior in vividness of interest to the little ones to those sensations of disappointment and alarm which anxiety to all who have children to educate. GOLDEN DAYS, in fact, appears to have struck the golden mean in juvenile literature, and it affords us sincere pleasure to be able to chronicle its conspicuous popularity.

From the Methodist New York.

James Elverson, Philadelphia, publishes a handsome, illustrated and interesting youth's paper, called GOLDEN DAYS. It should find a welcome in every Christian home for the young folks, for the reading is wholesome, and such literature should be encouraged by prompt subscriptions. If the youngsters catch a glimpse of it, they will find it need as a recreation after study-hours.

From the Baptist Record, Jackson, Miss.

A specimen number of GOLDEN DAYS has fallen into our hands. This is a paper for boys and girls, and, from the cursory examination we have been enabled to give it, we think it deserving of support.

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